

Whole No. 947.

[illegible]

...the Cadar mountain, and bring  
...of the blue and purple heath

the march the last time I was there—  
for, the instant I stepped to surprise the  
troop, the march was in haste in the  
and scarcely rising as I sprang from  
started upon my errand. Oh! the  
city of the morning's moon, the  
mountain, the dark mist lay upon  
the path, I was traveling  
visible, and I reached the  
masses of water were yanking  
one another; such was their  
they lay upon the mountain  
the  
opening new lands and ravines be-  
neath the feet of the marching  
company, whose tinkling bells reached  
me I stood.

Everywhere I looked at different lev-  
els: some brilliant, and shining like  
ice; others not less beautiful, dark  
with rich green mosses and ferns;  
and, toward the west, the  
handward, the mountains reared  
their heads, one above the other, to the  
top of the sky. The  
the forest and tranquil sea lay be-  
neath in the yellow glow of a rising  
sun, the blue of the sky lying  
and the only thing in motion was a  
heavy continuous stroke of the  
the stillness of the scene.  
a habitation of man could I decry,

er returning again and again to the

was gathered; the gentian of the  
fence before, also contributing its  
share where I had been to see it,  
where at breakfast as I entered; at  
servants' end, for I only remembered  
the broken words, "my guests."  
I met myself without some slight  
delay, and returned to my room,  
had I failed, when one of the door-  
men at eight, came to the door  
and said: "Charles wants you."  
Down stairs, and as I entered the  
parlor door, I met the waiter with  
the dress in white, and even my  
wife a gain of costume that seemed  
to start. Harry I hope you have not  
forgotten, as I apprehend.

"It is all right when the gaily and  
can't be heard for me to leave."  
I was going to say something to my father  
and white, and almost depriving me of  
myself.

"I am surprised at you," said  
"How can you treat the poor lady  
so badly after these words, and, turned  
the speaker fell in the face."  
"Through I, in a passion, and I am  
afraid for her," he turned again to  
me:—"Oh, how handsome, pale," said  
my father, smiling, reassured by  
me to a very pretty open carriage with  
new up before the house.

"I am married to myself,  
perhaps to give a second look at the  
left the room, but speedily returned  
charged, and showed as if for a  
moment could not meet me, and  
so, what is all that?—and why are  
you?"

"—Clara has been weeping."  
I asked my father, and he said:

good by," I heard on every side. At  
making me. Glass took me back

"Italy, so we are going to part," said Clara, with her hand to her forehead.

"Italy! Oh!—no—no! no! Italy! It is you again!"

"It is a cruel and cruel thing for me, Harry! It is a crime of yours—and when we meet in years," said Clara, "do not speak to me of Italy!"

"My poor boy, good by," said Clara, and, shaking out of the room the door, returned into the carriage, who, stopping in after her, the whip crackled, and all was out of sight.

"The gone with him" said a friend, repeating the words of the poet.

"Dear, a very sufficient reason. She has morning!"

"By day, dear," said Clara, "who is it, in a fair example of man's power, to say we go further and see 'Proposals' to equally true to the heart?"

LORENCE'S PROPOSAL.

Mrs. Bingham's apartments, where we had been to see her, and consequently, that Miss

... shake my hand warmly and

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